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The Screen Guild's Magazine

Alfred Count
O.H.P. Garrett
Dudley Nichols
Frank Scully

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Live and Learn . . .

WE wonder if the actors who listened to the velvet words of Louis B. Mayer and the new professions of faith by the producers of the Academy at the Fox Studio the night of February 28th, can remember as far back as the Producers Arbitration Agreement? It seems that in the days before the Guild the producers decided they would sign a Locarno pact to put inter-studio ethics on a little firmer basis. They were going to put a stop to this business of stealing stars from each other. And while they were about it, how about pooling their control of talent so that competition for talent wouldn't always result in boosting the weekly checks. It was a neat idea; even after the Academy heard about it, there wasn't much that could be done about it. But the boys and girls in the Academy were worried—it sounded like a combination to restrict bidding for their services. So to appease them, the producers

agreed to the appointment of an Academy Committee to protect the interests of talent. And such a meeting was held, the like of which was never seen before. It was at the Beverly-Wilshire and people had to stand on tables to hear the fine powers of Hollywood express themselves about this new era of good feel-

ing; a unified industry and all the other catch words.

Well—the Academy Committee was allowed to exist just long enough to handle one case. Producers rudely awakened to the fact that actors really meant business when it came to pro-

meantime, put a stop to that. And, of course, the Academy committee died of slow starvation, as most protective arrangements in the Academy for talent have always expired.

Somewhere in the above is a moral for Academicians. Those who find it, and can put their descriptions into not more than one or two well-chosen Anglo Saxon words, will be given a papier-mache replica of the Academy emblem, tied with a dog-collar in pink ribbin.

A little bird tells us that the Academy banquet left a trail of sorely wounded hearts behind it, and strange to relate it was among the producers. The story of this alleged heart-break has to do with the machinery of voting in all its labyrinthine depths. Instead of a spectacle of largesse being bestowed nicely in a friendly way in all directions according to the established rules of Hoyle, the expectant

producers at the banquet suddenly found the gifts virtually all going to one spot. Gentlemen, gentlemen! How can you expect to run a big industry like this one when you can't even keep a little Academy on an even keel?

Well, here's to ourselves—we're a year old at this issue. Salute!

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WHAT WITH COLIC AND TEETHING BUT AM SURE
ITS GOING TO GROW UP TO BE A WORTHWHILE
PUBLICATION AND PLAY AN IMPORTANT AND
CONSTRUCTIVE PART IN OUR PROFESSION.

EDDIE CANTOR.

teeting themselves. Shocked, they quietly dropped their little understanding between themselves, or let it disappear underground where it apparently still operates in an informal way. They tried to legalize their understanding by getting it into the N. R. A. Code, but the Guild, which had been formed in the

"Gloried and Drank Deep" . . .

By Alfred Count

PROPHECY has its dangers always, but in these days the future is any man's guess and odds are heavily in favor of a bull's eye no matter what you predict.

A friend of mine in an unguarded moment told Lord Northcliffe some fifteen years ago the day would come when his readers would be getting their news by wireless motion pictures. That was several years before "radio" had been coined. Too bad that Northcliffe didn't live long enough to see how close journalism has come to that point, what with wired pictures, hourly news broadcasts from city rooms, and now, television. An actual vision of a famous trial, a sinking Atlantic liner, battles, parliaments and all the daily grist of the news, while you toast your shins at your own fireside, is hardly a prediction any more; all this already lies just over the horizon of tomorrow.

In Hollywood we accept the fact of television rather comfortably. Sure, it may affect the theatres, but let the exhibitors worry about that; the bankers will find a way to get the revenue from the public to go on paying themselves and us. But sometimes I wonder. Will it all end as happily as that? Indeed when you put thought to the matter, whole new vistas of a startlingly different development in the presentation of motion pictures are opened to the mind.

Socially, we need have no illusions about pictures. Obviously the bankers are not interested for profit alone. The last few years have proved that well enough—with financiers battling for the privilege of supporting companies consistently in the red.

No, my children, a hair trigger society like ours at the moment needs its bull fights and its opiates, its daily and easily purchased escape from the terrible and monotonous pressure of reality. Easy diversion, within everybody's reach, is one way to keep people from thinking too seriously about their difficulties, and perhaps even doing something about them.

We need not worry therefore about any lack of incentive on the part of capital to bring television out of the experimental hiding places, when it appears necessary to shoot new hormones into the blood stream of contemporary amusement.

And when they do bring television into the organism of entertainment, a great number of things are likely to happen to Hollywood. Obviously somebody is bound to wake up pretty soon to the fact that with television as the

medium of projection, the present method of embalming the entertainment on film is crude, costly, and cumbersome. Of course, the first few months will give us dozens of televised plays and musical shows from the Broadway stage. But that won't answer the demand any more than the present Broadway crop, needing as it does the full crop of six or seven hundred movies to fill out the supply. It is reasonable to believe that out of the laboratories where sound has already been indelibly inscribed on a steel wire for reproduction purposes, will come a similar process for reproducing vision. And who knows what will become of the triple process of photographing, printing, and duplication of prints! Television itself, in relation to the laws of light and color may lead to new developments, completely invalidating the present system of recording entertainment. It may produce a new kind of dramatic method, playing havoc with everybody who writes, acts, directs and photographs in the present manner and under the contemporary system. And then what happens?

There's still Hollywood—its architecture its merchants, its banks, its real estate, its millions in invested values. Perhaps television won't need Hollywood any longer, any more than the movies once discovered they no longer needed Fort Lee.

But don't be uneasy at this picture of cobwebs left by real spiders instead of the prop man. True, it might even help to begin thinking about it, instead of leaving all the thinking to Mr. Aylsworth. And if you're too satisfied to begin thinking, don't want to be bothered, forget it. Drop into an easy chair with a pipe and a drink at your elbow and a book of verse. And speaking of a book of verse, do you remember the eighteenth quatrain in the Rubaiyat?

"They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The courts where Jamshyd gloried and
drank deep;
And Bahram, that great Hunter—The
wild ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break
his sleep."

She Learned About Culture . . . By Lolita Ann Westman

The Flapper of Yesteryear is now a leader of the Young Married Set of Newport, Paris and the Riviera, famed for her charm, her beauty and culture. Her yearly musicale is the social event of the Park Avenue winter season.

And she learned about culture—!

Well, it was during her first visit to New York in 1922.

"My dear," said that white-haired, prosperously stout bon vivant, Mr. Jay Vandergilt, "when your father wrote me that you were visiting our town for the first time and I was to show you the sights, what do you suppose was the first thing I did?"

"Tell me!" breathed the Flapper, blinking her lashes at him fetchingly.

"Bought tickets immediately for a concert this afternoon at Carnegie Hall!" he beamed triumphantly, feeling in his waistcoat pocket with thumb and forefinger and producing the tickets.

"Concert! Carnegie!"

"Yes. And here we are now, my dear. Ah, how well I recall the times when your father and I climbed these very steps."

After they had entered and were seated, they had not long to wait. The lights were lowered, the audience hushed. The musicians appeared and presently the conductor.

The Flapper stifled a martyred sigh.

She supposed she could stand it for one afternoon, but what a waste of valuable time!

The conductor raised his baton; the music swelled forth.

The Flapper listened to two whole bars, then, her voice charged with suppressed excitement, she laid a hand on Mr. Vandergilt's knee. "Why, I know that!"

The gentleman's eyebrows rose with an isn't-that-nice expression as he gave the barest nod.

The Flapper continued in an animated stage whisper. "They played it for Doug Fairbanks' picture, 'The Mark of Zorro.' Did you see it?"

Mr. Vandergilt's gaze wandered politely from the musicians to his lusciously painted companion. "No, I didn't," he murmured.

"Well, it was marvelous," she assured him. "You see, Doug led a double life. Everybody thought he was a lazy, good-for-nothing, but he really was a big bandit—and he left his mark on the men's faces with his sword. Boy, it was thrilling!"

"Indeed!"

The music ended, the audience applauded. The Flapper joined in vociferously.

"Gosh, that was great, wasn't it? Oh,

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Conversation Piece . . .

By Dudley Nichols

I KNOW it is bad form for any of us in Hollywood not to attempt, at least, to be amusing and engaging when we sit down to do a ditty or a sketch for any publication, whether it be the Writers' Number of the Hollywood Reporter, the Screen Guild Magazine, or the Christian Science Monitor. And for the moment I am wondering why this is, and whether it will continue to the end of time. Why shouldn't those in the craft of motion pictures be serious once in a while.

For instance, take the craft of screen fiction. Why is there no serious critical writing in the whole industry? Perhaps involuntarily I have come upon part of the answer in that word 'industry'. But try to conceal it as we will, writing, acting and directing are forms of art within an industry, and every art requires critical discussion to achieve its growth. No serious playwright in New York, for instance, accepts the Variety style of theatrical criticism as 'criticism'. It is useful and entertaining, but at best it is not criticism but journalistic reporting on how the horses are running and who is likely to win and how much. It has nothing to do with that dramatic art which the theatre must always depend upon to achieve greatness.

And without a murmur, without astonishment or protest, we have come to accept this style of criticism of motion pictures as the righteous and only possible style. Of all the picture reviewers, the only ones to my knowledge who ever get beyond box-office judgments are John C. Moffitt, Dick Watts, and Elizabeth Yeaman, sound and intelligent people all of them.

I am wondering why writers among themselves don't set up some kind of critical exchange, some forum, say, within the Guild, for the interchange of ideas and discussions of technique and form. There must be some kind of critical form for the screen play. Like the motion picture itself, the modern screen play form has 'just grewed up'. That is right and proper for a new form of art, growing up of its own inner energy and compulsion. But after the tree gets out of the ground it must begin to have some instinct of symmetry and beauty, thrust out a branch here, a new leaf there, until it finally achieves that thing called form. I sometimes suspect that the motion picture itself, the silent picture, was created by two sublime accidents—Griffith and 'the western'. Griffith, I believe, invented certain screen conventions which today seem like part of the flow of the human mind—

the dissolve, the fade, the cut, time lapse, parallel action and so on. The western story, by its scope and necessary action, developed all these conventions of continuity. I suspect the old-time directors, pitched in to making a western, found themselves instinctively developing these inventions for telling a story on the screen. And they were smart fellows, all of them. But had the motion picture developed in Europe lacking the 'western' scope and feeling, it would have been a different story. Very likely the quick birth of this new medium of story telling was only possible in America.

But today, twenty-five or thirty years after, we are hardly a step ahead in conscious knowledge of our medium. Sound has given us another tool of enormous possibility, yet we use it blunderingly, instinctively, whereas we should be exploring it in discussion and the conflict of ideas and opinions. Motion pictures themselves are too costly to permit experimentation by the fellow who wants to 'do something different'. You can't blame a producer, who naturally is interested in money rather than art, if he doesn't want to spend a few hundred thousand dollars to indulge a magnificent creative impulse of some obscure writer. Directors get away with it occasionally by playing God: and then frequently playing the devil with the producer's pocketbook. But the writer

as a rule is a modest fellow who feels himself a long way from Salvation.

However, writers can certainly meet among themselves, or in print, and tackle these most important matters.

In spite of its complicated mechanics the motion picture is, in the present writer's opinion, the most flexible and exciting story telling medium in the world. Its possibilities are enthralling. It is a continual challenge to the writer. With talk has come *character*, the one phase of human existence that never palls in interest. When people talk they reveal themselves. And once you have character, and its endless diversity and interest, you will never run out of 'stories'. Character itself is the best of all stories. Space is too short here to attempt to analyze the present technique of screen writing and suggest the directions it may develop. Lately I have come upon a brand-new idea of continuity in a script shown me by Oliver Garrett. Millions of other ideas are in the offing. The field of invention is just as open and challenging as it was in the day of Griffith. An open forum in the Guild magazine, or a monthly meeting under the auspices of the Guild, could do much to turn our eyes that way. And in the end—if we must think industrially for a moment—the results would, I believe, be valuable to those who put up the money which permits us to enjoy ourselves!

Arty Directing . . .

By Frank Scully

THIS week at Fox Western Harry Lachman brings in Dante's Inferno, the most daring undertaking of the year. His task is not only to effect a colossal spectacle, but an artistic achievement. And Lachman will do it. He is the one great artist—and I don't mean artiste—in Hollywood. He has achieved the utmost distinction a living painter can know. Four of his paintings have been purchased by the French government for the national museum—The Musee du Luxembourg, and he has been decorated with the Legion of Honor; and every frame of his films is a masterpiece of composition.

From my cot here at Bedside Manor—from which the doctors are determined to get me up or cut me up—I tried to get Lachman to talk to me on the relation of art to pictures. Here is something of what he said:

"The basis of all my work was portrait photography, but that had limitations—meaning the subjects. So I went

into magazine covers. There my goal—just as with writers—was the Post, and when I achieved that sufficiently I thought I would become an artist. So, I went to France, and there I joined a group of painters who were heading for Britany.

"I painted at such a furious pace that I must have done fifty canases in three months. And, they sold like hot dogs at a bike race.

"If it's that easy," I told myself, "then I am going to learn how to paint."

"So, the next year I studied all the masters, and worked under the best of those who were living—Monot, Renoir, Matisse, etc.

"But at the next exhibit the public made no pretense of its disappointment. I didn't sell a canvas.

"That was discouraging, because I knew that I was doing better work than before. And then a committee which bought paintings for the national art

(Continued on page 19)

Heavies, Hams and Hacks . . .

By Oliver H. P. Garrett

IT is singular difficult to write of even the simplest problems or aspects of Hollywood or the motion picture business without becoming diverted into a multitude of by-paths. There is an oversupply of tempting material in an industry regarded by all concerned as a gigantic gamble, a rousing racket—never as a serious enterprise.

In this town, truly, the human spectacle is as constantly diverting as often it is degrading. Here, even wedding guests and funeral mourners are ranked according to salary and production prestige. A director, with an Irish name and an acquired English accent, waits until his wine warms "to the temperature of the room". Writers boast of literary thievery and are paid the more highly for it. Otherwise sane men believe that stories may be assembled like motor cars, with an expert for each different polished piece of the mechanism. And every new arrival, no more than the oldest habitue, talks, thinks and acts like a '49er, with a doubtful claim, eager to pan gold in a hurry and get out.

The task of the conscientious critic is not to find a proper target for a scornful finger, but to avoid pointing in all directions at once. Nor is this made any easier by what has been written or said before. The sneering envy of those outside the business holds no more and no less of the truth than the occasional arty jargon of the favored ones who speak of "the greatest medium of expression", in an obvious effort to salve their consciences for the sacrifice of artistry for avarice.

The truth is, of course, no medium is greater than the results which may be achieved with it. If the camera and film had never advanced beyond their early, primitive stage, if sound in pictures was still the scratchy, whisky-voiced atrocity of the early Warner successes, movies clearly would be still a childish limited form of human expression. Less clearly, but actually, movies remain a childish enterprise. It is not the manner of their expression but what they have to express that makes even talking pictures a pretty silly business for the serious pre-occupation of so many relatively adult minds.

It is a common phrase that the industry is "still in its infancy." So it is. And so it will continue until pictures are made other than of, by, and for infants.

There are many factors which combine to keep movies as infantile in one aspect as they are mature in technical proficiency. First, both in order of ap-

pearance and importance, is the imposed impossibility of placing on the screen any story containing even the breath or odor of an idea.

There are likewise many elements leading to this sorry condition. The writer must create material appealing equally to diverse millions, offending no prejudices, arousing no resentments, and, above all, never destroying audience illusions as to life. These requirements at once eliminate from use nearly every vital human experience except love. And when censors, the Catholics and the women's clubs lay on their withering hands, even love becomes ludicrous—a saccharine stupidity, which only giggling school girls can't discern as fraud.

The worst blight of all is neither public taste nor public morals. It is the producers' version of them both. These gentlemen stand like an impenetrable Chinese Wall against even the simplest human concepts. They aver that, as they are frankly commercial fellows, and in business solely for profit, it is their right and obligation to produce only what the great public demands or will accept.

Surely no one could quarrel with them on this score, were it sufficiently clear that they knew what it was the public wanted. But obviously they know nothing of the sort. Even the essential elements leading to successes or failures are matters of dispute amongst producers.

The flop of "The Patriot" is explained by one producer as the result of attempting to foist upon disinterested audiences the story of a mad man. Another explains it as only further proof of the unpopularity of costume pictures. A third insists its basic fault lay in the fact that Russia, under Ivan, Paul, Nicholas or Lenin, only bores Americans.

Within the last few days, the tale reached my ears of one producer who quite seriously gave as the reason for his own distaste for a story the novel theory that "The American people aren't interested in French Generals".

One could continue such examples to exhaustion. But there is a still more striking evidence that producers frequently don't know their own business. Not only are they deeply uncertain what makes for success or failure of any given picture. They are often in violent disagreement on the simple question of whether certain pictures actually succeeded or failed. In all competing studios, "Public Enemy" is solemnly quoted as a failure and figures given which seem to prove it. Yet "Public Enemy" remains the boast of its makers

as an outstanding hit. "Cavalcade" is another sample of the same confusion. And so are many others equally well-known. On only one such subject, in my experience, do all producers appear to agree; namely, that all Lubitsch pictures in America have been flops. Yet it is the name Lubitsch which heads any salary list of directors. And, surely, Lubitsch is the most admired of all directors, by the producers themselves; witness: his being placed at the head of all production at Paramount.

Nor are these absurdities all that bewilder the newcomer to Hollywood. Whether he be actor, writer or director, he soon learns that the very quality in him, which attracted producers to purchase his services, is the last they will ever permit to reach the screen. If a producer is attracted by a playwright's boldness of expression, he will be in a perpetual sweat until he can hire him; then in a perpetual chill lest such boldness should get into a picture. Eisenstein, employed because of his directorial vitality and skill with mass effects, was allowed to return to Russia, because he insisted on trying to give producers what they had hoped to find in him. William Faulkner, brought to Hollywood because he had written "Sanctuary", wrote one almost equally unintelligible script and was gone. A German actor, given a contract for his performance in a picture which no Hollywood producer conceivably would have made is yet to appear in a picture in America. I recall with great vividness the curious fate of Golovin, a Russian Revolution story by Wassermann. It was bought and prepared to the production point, when the writer was suddenly asked to "take out the revolution" as unsavory for the European market.

Surely there is some essential error here. Producers are neither mad nor deliberately engaged in flagellation of themselves or others. The truth, at least in part, would seem to be that picture making is so bereft of anything to say which is worth saying, that producers whip themselves and others into a frenzy of frustration in the effort to vary long familiar, empty formulae into an appearance of life.

Certainly, in almost every topic with which they deal the movies are a quarter of a century behind their era. The Infant Industry turns out to be a problem child of startlingly delayed mentality. Even today Mrs. Warren's Profession would seem a bold, courageous venture on the screen. When "The Divorcee" was made by Thalberg, it marked an as-

(Continued on Page 20)

Pages from a Hollywood Diary . . .

By JACK CLUETT

FEBRUARY 10—I've contracted one of those California colds, which doesn't contribute much toward my ability to collaborate on a two reeler for Walter Catlett. As a matter of fact, R—, the other member of our little writing team, is laid low with an undiagnosed condition which leaves T—, the supervisor, free to write the "opera" the way he made it for Educational in 1927.

Yesterday we had Catlett out in the kitchen washing dishes and when T— suggested they should fall on the floor and break, R— turned suddenly pale and went home, leaving me alone with my cold to explain to T— why falling dishes are not funny.

He said: "I know falling dishes are funny because I've done the gag in twelve pictures and they laughed each time."

I suggested that the thirteenth might be unlucky.

"You seem to forget we're making pictures for morons," T— replied.

I gave him a look. How could I forget? I said: "Let's change the formula and have them fall onto the ceiling. Or, better yet, let's have Catlett end up in the china department of a department store with a machine gun. Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well."

T— went for this in a big way.

"We'll call the picture, 'China Cross the Bay,' " he said.

"Or 'Down To The Sea In Chips,' " I volunteered.

It being 11:15 a. m., T— grabbed his hat and went out to lunch.

February 17—In the adjoining office Archie has started composing a ditty on the piano for his next musical. The usual formula is that the leading lady sprains her ankle so a chorus girl can get her big chance. Walter Winchell suggest a new version. He wants the leading man to sprain his ankle so the small - town chorus boy can have his big chance.

A rumor is rife that Du Pont is going to buy controlling interest in Columbia. Goody! Maybe they'll merge and then explode.

I am amazed at the number of feet of film required to make a two-reel comedy. A mile or two of negative is a mere drop in the bucket for a picture that finally runs 1800 feet on the screen. There is a logical reason for this apparent waste. Five hundred feet or more is

wasted on shooting stuff that the writers have put in the script. A couple of thousand feet is given over to changes the director makes for his own amusement and 7,000 or 8,000 feet is required for him to untangle himself. The remainder is used up duplicating the picture as it was made 10 years before at Sennett's.

The next step is to preview the picture before an unbiased audience consisting of the producer, director, supervisor and cameraman and their relatives, who bellow their approval in no uncertain terms. The next day the last vestige of originality is snipped out in the cutting room, the author's name is affixed under the title (as if he had anything to do with it), and—another two-reeler has been born.

It is subsequently discovered that the biggest laugh in the whole picture is on the author whose name appears as the author of something somebody else wrote for Harry Langdon three years ago on the Metropolitan lot.

February 21—I've just found out what happens to the terrible things I'm forced to write. I got my dope from a theatre manager who ought to know.

It seems that two-reel comedies are to the picture business what a football or catcher's mitt is to a department store. If mother buys a suit with long pants for Junior she gets not only the suit but a catcher's mitt thrown in for good measure. The same thing applies to pictures: If an exhibitor will buy "Lady for a Day," the distributor will throw in a two-reel comedy called, facetiously, "It Didn't Happen One Night." That's the catcher's mitt of the picture business.

If the buyer is still reluctant the salesman offers him two two-reel comedies: "It Didn't Happen One Night" and "It Almost Happened One Night."

Finally the exhibitor agrees to take "Lady for a Day," provided the salesman will take 36 two-reel comedies (which the exhibitor has been hiding in back of his organ pipes since last year) and toss them off the back of a ferry boat.

When the salesman complains to the studio heads that the product is lousy all the writers, who had nothing to do with the pictures in the first place, are fired. The producer's cousin is then put in charge of the comedy department and his cloak and suit business is sold to the highest bidder.

Who was it that said: "I'd rather write than be President"?

Sophistication

SINCE the present protest against sex stories by those who believe a halt should be called, the majority of screen writers and actors feel they are about to drop down a few grades in the sophistication in their work. They almost feel that the very food is being taken out of their mouths. And, they moan in despair, what will become of sophistication?

If the average person were asked what he considered "sophistication," there's only one definition you'd get. In short, he'd refer to sex—jocularly, of course, since we always laugh at what frightens us.

And now we're where we want to be. Which is this—what is sophistication? "*Me marier et avoir des enfants! Mais chaque blanchisseuse peut en faire autant,*" wrote Marie Bashkirtseff in her *Journal*. For those who have never taken French at a glance, let me add that Marie says she wouldn't think of marrying and having children, for, she humorously points out, and with much truth, any washerwoman can do as much.

That is what a young girl thought of modern sophistication sixty years ago.

Since Hollywood movies must get along without ladies of light virtue, and gentlemen of restless tendencies, stories should now attain a slight degree of higher intelligence. If the writers will enter the new field and create stories around *causes* instead of around *effects* they will astonish themselves—which is saying a very great deal.

Komoidia — modern comedy — originated from the worship of Dionysus, the god of fertility, at Acharnae. During the festival men and women could say what they liked and do what they liked. It must have been funny.

Comedy was perversion of drama, and sex prevailed in it. So much for sophistication, and modern advancement. We are merely 3,000 years behind the times.

Would you be truly sophisticated? Then don't worry too much about sex in your stories as the only spirit of sophism. Sex is the most common knowledge. Hark back to childhood's happy days. Recalling schoolboy—and I dare say schoolgirl—jokes, you will see that if sex is sophistication then the youngest, the most undeveloped, minds can discuss it with ease.

Chastity is not necessarily virtue. Nor is fear honesty. In evolving stories around *causes*—as the Shakespearean play—the screen writer will discover himself in a new field of creative power that will revolutionize poor old Hollywood's output. And the actor will find that acting has actually progressed.

Its More Fun To Know . . .

THE most striking feature of the recent announcement of the new Academy contract is that it entirely failed in at least one of its two objectives. To those who were close to the situation, these objectives were very clear. The first was to prevent, if possible, or at least delay, the Washington hearings on the Five-Five brief. The second was to destroy the Guild by undermining the free-lance actor's confidence in his own organization.

The official announcement stated that the contract was the result of months of negotiations. For several reasons the members of the Five-Five Committee find this a little difficult to believe. Three of the five producers who drew up the Academy contract, Messrs Samuel Briskin, J. J. Gain and William Koenig, also served on the Five-Five Committee. All of the matters covered by the Academy contract were considered by them at the Five-Five meetings and all of them were rejected on the ground that strict enforcement of such working conditions would cripple the industry.

During Deputy Administrator Rosenblatt's visit in November, the producers offered to scrap the entire Academy and substitute an organization to be known as the Motion Picture Institute, through which a contract could be negotiated. It seems hardly likely that any negotiations were in progress with the Academy at that time.

Then on January 7th the actors' brief was filed in Washington and released to the press. This brief while almost ignored by the Los Angeles dailies was given astonishing publicity throughout the country. One report reaching the Guild office said that 185 daily newspapers carried an average of 4000 words giving the highlights of the document.

The filing of this brief was a signal for action on the part of the producers. It was obvious that the Administrator could not ignore it entirely. He must call a public hearing and decide which of the actors' proposals should be made part of the Code. On January 18th Mr. Rosenblatt informed the Guild that he had received a telegram from Edwin Loeb, counsel for the producers, asking that the public hearing be delayed until he had studied the brief and prepared a reply. This request was granted. We do not believe that the Academy Committee began its deliberations until after the 18th of January.

As their contract contains little that was not already included in the actors' Five-Five proposals, it should not have been difficult to put into its present

form. It was released to the press on January 31st. It is known that the committee worked far into the night of the preceding day. It seems probable that the entire negotiations occupied only a few days instead of many months.

No one questions the sincerity of the actors who served on the Academy committee. It is regrettable that they do not see that they are working against rather than for the best interests of actors.

The members of the Board of Directors were not at all disturbed by the

wide publicity given the new contract or by the extravagant statements given to the press by two prominent actors. They were confident that the free lance actor, with the memory of the past five years still fresh in his mind, would see through this very transparent attempt to destroy his only chance of getting a decent contract. A quiet poll of the industry showed that this confidence was justified. Concrete evidence is provided by the fact that more free-lance actors

(Continued on Page 15)

Indian Giver . . .

AFTER working for months on their old theory of "bluff as long as you can," the producers have decided to give the screen players a break. Putting themselves up as lily-white philanthropists, the producers have announced that a new contract will be forthcoming on March 1, in an effort to avoid a strike of the Screen Actors' Guild members. It is doubtful if the players will accept the contract without recognition of their organization.

For the last six months the players have been seeking an equitable contract, but the producers have held out believing they could bust up the Guild. Failing in this they now come forward with a magnanimous gesture granting practically every concession asked for by the Guild. The reason for this is very evident. The producers fear an investigation and believe they can forestall it by having a new contract ready before action begins, but it is doubtful if this move will be successful.

The players are in a frame of mind to go thru with their plans. Their recent report to Washington was couched in language that left nothing to the imagination and branded the majors as pretty low in the scale of life. It was no doubt that this report brought the producers to the realization that they have a battle on their hands. They are trying to counteract it by making concessions which they refused to consider two months ago.

If the producers had enough intelligence two months ago to see the trend, they would have arbitrated the contract question and made concessions, thus avoiding an open break with the Guild. Running true to form, however, they tried the old runaround which is their forte.

In announcing their new contract they have tried to take the wind out of the Guild sails, but it looks as tho the play-

ers will not be fooled. The players have been burned too often to hop into this fire. They will do well to demand recognition for they have the producers on the run and to stop now would be fatal to the organization. Until they are recognized they will be battered around individually as they always have been. In union there is strength and unless individuals can go to the Guild with legitimate grievances and get relief, the organization might as well fold up.

It is the endeavor of the producer to rebuild the scarecrow Academy and thus destroy the Guild. They appreciate the strength of the Guild and will do all in their power to destroy it. They feel that by granting concessions, players will flock to the company union and get another socking around. However, the Guild is in strong hands and it is extremely doubtful if they will be fooled by promises that might never be granted.

The producers have no one but themselves to blame for their present situation. Had they been sensible enough to give the players a square deal the players would have met them at least half way. There is not another group of people in the world so willing to listen to reason as the average player, but he has been kicked around so long he is getting a little fed up on it.

If the Guild accepts the new contract without recognition it can consider itself washed up. This is the last stand of the producers and if the players will stick together and stand by their demands they will find that the producers will grant their demands on or soon after March 1. The producers cannot stand a strike or an investigation!

Keep your chin up, Guild, and fight it out!

Len Morgan.

(Reprinted from the February 9, 1935, issue of The Billboard as a courtesy to the Screen Actors' Guild.)

Academy Arbitration . . .

SINCE the new Academy free lance contract carries a clause giving the actor his choice of Academy arbitration or none at all, it seems a good time to advise our members of the Academy arbitration system.

The common practice is that the actor files his complaint with the Academy Actor-Producer Relations representative, who attempts to settle the complaint. Should he fail, and the actor still remain unsatisfied, the actor may insist that the complaint be heard by the Actors' Adjustment Committee which consists of five members of the actors' branch. Should either party to the dispute be unwilling to accept the decision of this committee, the matter may be referred to the Conciliation Committee, which consists of one representative from each of the five branches of the Academy.

We are printing excerpts from the Academy By-Laws which refer to arbitration:

"Complaints under minimum contract for Artists"

Complaints arising solely under the Actor-Producer Basic Agreement and Minimum Contract for Artists, in accordance with Clause 16 of said Minimum Contract, shall be presented to the Actors Adjustment Committee or its authorized representative. Such complaints need not be in writing, but complainant shall state plainly the matter complained of and the relief prayed for. Such complaints shall be arbitrated by said Actors Adjustment Committee in accordance with said Minimum Contract and with Section 12 of this Article of By-Laws; provided, that prior to the arbitration hearing said Actors Adjustment Committee or its authorized representative may attempt to mediate the controversy between complainant and respondent; but, unless the mediation be successful to the satisfaction of the complainant, said hearing must be held within a reasonable time from the date of filing of the complaint."

The joker in this paragraph is the sentence which is underlined. Too often "mediation" means persuading the actor not to press his claim or to accept a settlement less favorable than he is entitled to under his contract.

However, let us suppose that the actor insists upon a hearing and the Actors Adjustment Committee decides in his favor. We quote again:

"Review of Actors Adjustment Committee Decisions"

Section 15. A decision of the Actors Adjustment Committee shall, upon appeal by either party, be subject to review, and alteration or reversal, by the Conciliation Committee, upon study of the record and such further hearing (if any) as said Committee may desire."

"Procedure of Conciliation Committee"

Section 13. (a) If the complaint be referred by a branch executive committee (or special committee. See Section 11, Subsection (c)) to the Conciliation Committee as provided in Section 11, then the Conciliation Committee may dismiss the complaint entirely or as to certain portions. If the complaint or any part thereof be not dismissed, the Conciliation Committee shall cause a copy thereof to be sent to the respondent, together with a request that the respondent, within a reasonable time to be fixed by said committee, file such written answer as the respondent may desire to make to the charges contained in the complaint."

This is particularly jolly when we realize that the Conciliation Committee is composed of members of all branches. Here we have directors and technicians voting on actors' problems.

Before the Conciliation Committee considers the case, however, there is one small formality to be observed:

"Arbitration Stipulation"

Section 13. (c) Before proceeding to a hearing, the Conciliation Committee may, if it so desires, require that the respondent execute a written agreement to abide by the decision of said Committee, and may dismiss the case if such agreement be not obtained. (See Section 7, page 14.)"

In other words, if the case looks doubtful the producing company may simply refuse to sign an agreement to abide by the Committee's decision, and the case is closed as far as the Academy is concerned.

* * * *

Compare this with the Guild arbitration proposal:

"If the artist is a member of any motion picture actors' organization at the time any controversy or dispute arises under his contract or in any wise connected with the same, such controversy or dispute shall be arbitrated, and such arbitration shall be conclusive and be had under the laws of the state where this contract is made. On a dispute arising, the party aggrieved will notify the other party. Within five days thereafter the producer will appoint two arbitrators, and the organization of which the artist is a member will appoint two arbitrators. Such arbitrators shall hold a hearing within a reasonable period thereafter, not to exceed two weeks. If the majority of the arbitrators agree, they shall make an award which shall be final and binding on the parties. If the arbitrators are evenly divided, they shall agree on a disinterested arbitrator who shall hold another hearing and make an award, and his decision shall be conclusive. If the arbitrators cannot agree on the choice of a disinterested arbitrator, the appointment shall be made by the Administrator of the N.R.A. Motion Picture Code under such rules as he may from time to time prescribe. Said Administrator may prescribe additional rules governing the procedure of such arbitration and when so prescribed they shall become a part of this contract. If the actor is a member of more than one motion picture actors' organization, he shall designate at the time of said controversy which organization shall act for him."

WHICH DO YOU PREFER?

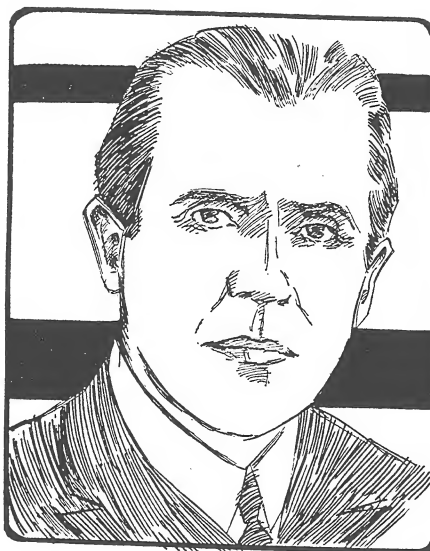
Asteroids . . .

Elsie Larsen

Our outstanding example of the whims of Fate. She tried modeling at Bullocks, switch-boarding at Grauman's Million Dollar, and ushering at the Fox Wilshire—all for the purpose of crashing the movies, and she didn't get a tumble. Then she passed up motion pictures for a scholarship in music at California Christian College, and the next year cashiered at the Brown Derby to



continue her preparation for becoming a concert pianist. It was there that Sol Wurtzel saw her and left a note for her to call for a test. He put her in "The Man Who Dared," and then gave her a two-year contract in stock and sent her to the Fox School. She played bits in "Caravan" and "Three on a Honey-moon", and parts in "Handy Andy", "Wild Gold" and "Charlie Chan in Paris." Presently engaged in "The Great Zeigfeld." Parents from Sweden but arrived in time for her to be an American. Schooled at Hollywood High. Hobbies are tennis, swimming and dogs. Had the first Alaskan husky in the picture colony.



W. G. Furman

"They never come back" doesn't feaze William G. "Long Bill" Furman, with K-B "101" in 1914, later in stock with Vitagraph and Tom Ince, featured by the short-lived National Photoplay Company and later in stage work. He was one of deMille's best fighters in "Joan the Woman (1916), quit pictures after finishing in deMille's "Man-slaughter (1922) and is back again with "CB" in "The Crusades." Canned the grease to write features for the A.P. and later published his own newspaper in Santa Monica. Former world's champion bicycle racer, turned to pro baseball and signed to play first-base for Cleveland in 1908 but failed to report for spring practice due to an inheritance. Once amateur heavyweight boxing champ of the West Coast and helped train Jess Willard for his fatal bout with "Bull" Young. Founder and president of "Fit at Fifty" Club of America. Was on stage with Will Rogers but says it was the Elks' Min-strel Show. Still rides a bicycle for health and recreation and has offered to ride an exhibition on the opening night of the International 6-Day Bike Race "just to help the Guild."

Marguerite Caverley

This isn't Bill Hart's leading lady in "Travlin' On," nor the girl who played 'heavy' to Mary Philbin, nor again one of those who scored in the "Four Horse-men." That was Marguerite's mother—we almost said sister. And she explains a lot of what Marguerite has, in looks, talent and training. Marguerite was given classical and ballet dancing at the age of eight; and at fifteen she was permitted to leave the Immaculate Heart



Convent and play in the Collegian series at Universal. After which she went under Al Christy's wing in bits and parts for two years and shot upward toward the stratosphere. Then in "Rickety Rax" and "Whoopee" before going to New York for specialty dancing in "Strike Me Pink." Back to U. A. for "Roman Scandals," "Bowery" and "Moulin Rouge", then to Warners for "Fashions of 1934" and "Wunder Bar", and thence to Paramount for "Murder at the Vanities" and "College Rhythm", and back to U. A. for "Kid Millions." Goes in for horseback riding, swimming and tennis, and doesn't look as if she had been originally brought to California for her health. Is Calif's best advertisement of what her sun and climate can do for sickly children.

Junior Guild . . .

REPLY to Campbell MacCulloch:

In your article in the February Screen Guilds' Magazine you stated that the "statistics notoriously make dry reading." To every extra, statistics so vital to their welfare should be highly interesting. As you also state, they reveal "an immeasurable amount of human weal and woe."

Your article reveals you to be an understanding man who is sincerely trying to accomplish a Herculean task.

Let me state here I am of the opinion that no rules must ever be made which will hamper the production of motion pictures.

The arguments to follow are written in the spirit of fair play.

A good extra is always prepared to work sixteen hours per day and is on call twenty-four hours when he isn't on the pay roll of the studio. He checks in at Central Casting at 8 A. M. and continues to check in until 8 P. M. He is ready to go to work at any hour of the day or night, on any and all kinds of sets. He must accept the bad calls in order to be eligible for the good calls. His wardrobe and special abilities are available at all times. I have often discussed the situation with directors who have worked elsewhere, and they admit that the trained extra is one of Hollywood's greatest assets.

The Hollywood extra is a very capable person. Among the extras are many fine performers who are from time to time given character roles, but return to the extra ranks in hopes of a more constant income, as the Rosenblatt report shows that a free-lance actor's income often is far from satisfactory.

Your statistics show that 51% of the extras' work is given to racial groups and casual workers. The racial groups are understandable and necessary, but is it not true that many jobs still go to people not dependent upon extra work for a living? If it's a set that doesn't matter why not give it to those who do the work when it does matter? I don't believe that a studio should be compelled to accept inferior workers from the extra ranks, but on the other hand I do believe by all the laws of fair play and justice that the producers owe the regular extras first call. Every set that can be filled by extra players should be given to them. When a nice long run or a contract job comes along it should go to the extra and not to some friend from the East who is here on a vacation. It is reported that the students of one University were paid more than sixty thousand dollars for extra work during the

past year. A check of the sets would probably reveal that a large percentage of these calls were not for college pictures, but just ordinary extra work. We have a continued invasion of political workers, officers drawing salaries from the taxpayers, who are given jobs that can be filled by extras. I asked one studio employee who was giving out these jobs, the reason for it, and he very frankly admitted that he was doing it in return for political favors.

Every day this office presents complaints to the Complaint and Grievance Committee, the State Welfare Commission, the Humane Society and to the executives of the various studios. I do not believe that the heads of studios realize that these conditions exist. I do think that a closer observation by the responsible studio heads would result in the correction of many of the present abuses. I believe that every studio head would agree that the experienced extra should be given first call in every case. Extra work in pictures should not be distributed as tips for political favors, or choice tickets for football games. The work belongs to the people who have devoted their lives to the industry.

* * * *

To all members of the Junior Guild:

At the last meeting of the Standing Committee for Extras I was appointed temporary chairman to replace Mrs. Mabel Kinney who resigned. Mrs. Kinney's state duties and the condition of her health make it impossible for her to continue in this office.

We cannot be sufficiently grateful to Mrs. Kinney for her work on behalf of the extra. No one who is not a member of the committee can possibly understand the difficulties she has overcome, or the number of hours she has given to this work. The committee was unanimous in requesting that she reconsider her decision. Only the realization that it was unfair to ask her to devote more of her time caused the resignation to be accepted. Mrs. Kinney has consented to remain a member of the committee and will lend her advice to her successor when he is appointed.

I wish to emphasize the fact that my appointment is purely temporary. The chairman of the committee should always be a representative of the public, so that in the event of a tie vote the issue can be decided on its merits. I have never served on either the Complaint and Grievance Committee or the Reregistration Committee, and I shall not do so in the future.

By Aubrey Blair

The question of a permanent chairman will be decided at the next meeting of the committee, which will take place during March.

KENNETH THOMSON

* * * *

The following tickets for the Junior Guild election, April 9th, have been filed with the Secretary. Nominations must be signed by 25 members in good standing and filed at the office before 5 P. M. April 1, 1935. No nominations will be accepted from the floor.

The Nominating Committee appointed by the Board of Directors filed the following ticket:

Pat Somerset, President.
Bob Ellsworth, First Vice-President.
Bee Stephens, Second Vice-President.
Nate Edwards, Third Vice-President.
Aubrey Blair, Secretary-Treasurer.

Ten members of the Board:

Larry Steers,
Nate Edwards
Bee Stephens
Orie Robertson
Red Burger
Eddie Clayton
Tom Ford
J. Edward Dahlen
Harvey Parry
Bill O'Brian

A second ticket has been filed by 25 members in good standing:

Pat Somerset, President.
Bob Ellsworth, First Vice-President.
Jay Eaton, Second Vice-President.
Nate Edwards, Third Vice-President.
Aubrey Blair, Secretary-Treasurer.

Ten members of the Board:

Nate Edwards
Charley Drubin
Mel Forrester
Marcel Smith
Bee Stephens
Orie Robertson
J. Edward Dahlen
Sam Benson
George Broughton
Lee Powell

The eleven Board members who have one more year to serve are:

Lee Phelps
Florence Wix
Aubrey Blair
Betty Blair
Jay Eaton
Bob Ellsworth
Major Harris
Ed Parker
Pat Somerset
Lillian West
J. G. MacMahon

Screen Writers' Assignments

1—Original Story; 2—Adaptations; 3—Continuity; 4—Dialogue; 5—Lyrics;
6—Music; *—In collaboration.

ADAMS, FRANK R.—Paramount
"Crimson Ice" 2-3-4*

AVERY, STEPHEN MOREHOUSE—Fox
"Suite Sixteen" 2-3-4

BALDERSTON, JOHN L.—Reliance
Untitled 1

BARTLETT, SY—Warner Bros.
Untitled 1-2-3-4*

BRACKETT, CHARLES—Paramount
"Brazen" 2-3-4

BUFFINGTON, ADELE—Monogram
"Keeper of the Bees" 2-3-4

BUTLER, DAVID—Fox
"Bright Eyes" 1*

CARSTAIRS, JOHN PADDY—British and
Dominions—"Where's George?" 2-3-4
Brit Star Films—"Piccadilly Circus" 2-3-4
British and Dominions—"A Mitey Man"
2-3-4; Gaumont-British—New Revue to be
produced by Tomsons Inc., London 2-3-4*

CHANSLOR, ROY—Warner Bros.
"Relief Ship" 1-2-3-4*

CHODOROV, EDWARD—Warner Bros.
"Slim" 2-3-4

CLARK, HARRY—Universal
"Diamond Jim Brady" 2-3-4*

DAVES, DELMER—Warner Bros.
"Page Miss Glory" 2-3-4*

DAWN, ISABEL—Warner Bros.
"Leave It To Us" 1-2-3-4*

DE GAW, BOYCE—Warner Bros.
"Leave It To Us" 1-2-3-4*

DUFF, WARREN—Warner Bros.
"Broadway Gondolier" 3-4*

DUNNE, FINLEY PETER, JR.—Universal
"The Magnificent Obsession" 2*

EMERSON, JOHN—M.G.M.
"Riff Raff" 2-3-4*

FARAGOH, FRANCIS EDWARD—R. K. O.—
Pioneer "Becky Sharp" 2-3-4

FIELDS, HERBERT—Paramount
"People Will Talk" 2-3-4

FORT, GARRETT—Walter Wanger
"Shanghai" 1-2-3-4

FRANKEN, ROSE—Universal
"Alias Mary Dow" 2-3-4

GENSLER, LEWIS E.—R. K. O.
"Papa's In the Cradle" 1-2-6*

GOODRICH, FRANCES—M. G. M.
"Ah Wilderness" 2-3-4*

GOODWINS, LESLIE—R. K. O.
"Nit-Wits" 1-2-3-4*

GOW, JAMES—R. K. O.
"Love Song" 2*

GREY, JOHN—Columbia
Harry Langdon Comedy 1-2-3-4

GROPPER, MILTON HERBERT—Universal
"Women Are Like That" 2-3-4*

GRUEN, JAMES—Mascot
"Behind the Green Lights" 2-3-4
"One Frightened Night" 2-3-4*

HACKETT, ALBERT—M.G.M.
"Ah Wilderness" 2-3-4*

HANLINE, MAURICE A.—Universal
"The Magnificent Obsession" 2*

HARRIS, RAY—R.K.O.
"Hooray For Love" 1-2-3-4*

HARTMAN, DON—Fox
"Redheads On Parade" 1-2-3-4-5*

HAYWARD, LILLIE—Warner Bros.
"Living Up To Lizzie" 2-3-4*

HAZARD, LAWRENCE—R.K.O.
"Hooray For Love" 1-2-3-4*

HENNECKE, CLARENCE—Cameo Prod.
"Murder by Television" 1-2-3-4*

HERZIG, SIG—R.K.O.
"Papa's In the Cradle" 2-3-4*

HOFFENSTEIN, SAMUEL—Paramount
"Paris In Spring" 3-4*
.... (Two on a Tower)

HORMAN, ARTHUR T.—Universal
"The Enemy Within" 1-2-3-4*
Fox—"Baa, Baa, Blacksheep" 1

HOYT, VANCE—Paramount
"Wild Glory" 1-2-3

HUME, CYRIL—Fox
"Argentina" 3-4

ILFELD, LESTER—Columbia
"Lady of New York" 1-2*

KLEIN, PHILIP—Fox
"Work of Art" 3-4*

KOBER, ARTHUR—Fox
Untitled 1-3-4

LEE, ROBERT N.—Warner Bros.
"Case of the Velvet Claws" 3-4

LOGAN, HELEN—Fox.
"Charley Chan in Egypt" 1-2*

LOOS, ANITA—M.G.M.
"Riff Raff" 2-3-4*

LOWE, EDWARD T.—Fox.
"Secret Lives" 4*

MALLOY, DORIS—Universal
"Diamond Jim Brady" 2-3-4*

MARKEY, GENE—Fox
"Champagne Charley" 2-3-4

MASON, LESLEY—Warner Bros.
"Special Agent" 1-2-3-4*

MINTZ, SAM—Paramount
"The Plot Thickens" 2-3-4

MULHAUSER, JAMES—Universal
"The Enemy Within" 2-3-4*

NEVILLE, JOHN T.—M.G.M.
"Joaquin Murieta" 3

NEVILLE, ROBERT—Fox.
Untitled Original 1

NORTH, EDMUND—R.K.O.
"Love Song" 2*

NORTON, GRACE—Columbia
"Lady of New York" 1-2*

PARSONS, LINDSLEY—Monogram
"Paradise Ranch" 1-2-3-4

PARTOS, FRANK—Paramount
"So Red the Rose" 2-3-4*

PIROSH, ROBERT—M.G.M.
"Hero's Sun" 2-3-4*

RATHMELL, JOHN—Mascot
"Anything Once" 2

RIVKIN, ALLEN—Fox
"Heaven's Gate" 3-4*

ROBINSON, CASEY—Warner Bros.
"Captain Blood" 2-3-4

ROOT, WELLS—M.G.M.
"B. I. D. J." 1*-2-3-4

ROTHAFEL, ROBERT CHARLES—Universal
"Red Campus" 2

RUBEN, J. WALTER—M.G.M.
"B. I. D. J." 1*

RUBIN, BENNY—Warner Bros.
"Molly and Me" 2-3-4*
Warner Bros.—"Living Up to Lizzie" 2-3-4*

SANTLEY, JOSEPH—Warner Bros.
"Ask Mrs. Foster" 1-2-3*

SCHRAY, DORE—Universal
"Chinatown Squad" 2-3-4

SEATON, GEORGE—M.G.M.
"Hero's Son" 2-3-4*

SEFF, MANUEL—Warner Bros.
"Gold Diggers of 1935" 2-3-4*
Warner Bros.—"Traveling Saleslady" 2-3-4*

SIMMONS, MICHAEL L.—Columbia
"Jim Burke's Boy" 1-2-3-4



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 "The Lord's Referee" 2-3-4

TAYLOR, DWIGHT—R.K.O.
 "Top Hat" 1-2-3-4*

TRAUB, JOE—Warner Bros.
 "Tulip Time" 1-2-3-4

VEILLER, ANTHONY—R.K.O.
 "Star Of Midnight" 2-3-4*

WEAD, FRANK—M.G.M.
 "Murder In the Fleet" 1-2-3-4*

WILSON, CAREY—M.G.M.
 "Forty Days of Musa Dagh" 3-4

YARDLEY, HERBERT O.—Universal
 "The Great Impersonation" 3-4

YOST, DOROTHY—R.K.O.
 "Freckles" 2-3-4

YOST, R. M.—Fox
 "Work of Art" 3-4*

Books, Plays, Articles, Stories

BERANGER, CLARA—"Is Hollywood Getting Religion?" Non-Fiction; MacFadden Publications (2) "Private Life of Grace Moore" Non-Fiction; MacFadden Publications (2)

CARSTAIRS, JOHN PADDY—Articles, Non-Fiction; Amalgamated Press (2)

CHANSOR, ROY—"Mister Marjorie" Fiction; Cosmopolitan Magazine (1)

CHODOROV, EDWARD—"Kind Lady" Fiction; Potter & Haight (4)

EARLY, DUDLEY—"Christmas Party" Fiction; "Let Sleeping Dogs Lie" Fiction; "Family Cirls" Non-Fiction; Our Navy (1)

FRANKEN, ROSE—"Twice Born" Fiction; Scribner's (3)

HOYT, VANCE—Article Non-Fiction; Bob Wagner's Script (2)

NORTON, GRACE—"Secret Wife" Fiction; "Without Clergy" Fiction; Fawcett Publications (1)

KOBER, ARTHUR—"Dug in the Bronx" Fiction; The New Yorker (1)

PIERCE, NOEL—"Leading Man" Fiction; Cosmopolitan Magazine (1)

RIVKIN, ALLEN, SPIGELGASS, LEONARD—"I Wasn't Born Yesterday" Fiction; Macaulay (3)

STERN, JACK—"Rhythm of the Rain" "I Was Lucky" "Au Revoir L'Amour" "Singing a Happy Song" Robbins Music Corp. (5)

ULMAN, WILLIAM A., JR.—"It's a Fake" Fiction; New Movie Magazine (2)

VEILLER, ANTHONY—"Final Event" Fiction; Collier's Magazine (2)

WATSON, ROBERT—Beadle to "The Little Minister" Non-Fiction; McLeans Mag. (2) "Technical Work in Films" Non-Fiction; Manitoba Free Press (2); "Indian Totems" Non-Fiction; Presbyterian Publications (2) "Film Interviews" Non-Fiction Sunday Post, Scotland, Glasgow Bulletin (2)

WEAD, FRANK—"Dark Canyon" Non-Fiction; F. A. Stokes (3)

YARDLEY, HERBERT—"Secret Ink" Fiction; N. B. C. (6)

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London Lowdown**By JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS**

ZOE AKINS' "Greek Hada Word for It" having a belated but very satisfying run here now; would have helped a lot if they had played real Americans in the parts; Britishers playing Yankees are even funnier than Americans pretending to be Limeys! . . . two Americans here stood throughout the "Stars and Stripes" West Point sequence at the preview of "Flirtation Walk" . . . pretty nifty going in front of all we aliens!! . . . Bob Flaherty who made "Man of Aran" for Gaumont goes to India on a similar set-up for Alex Korda and Hal Rosson will take care of the photography for him . . . ex-dramatic critic Dudley Leslie authored a play on a recent world cruise and it's having a London production at the Criterion . . . the Embassy (who discovered "Ten Minutes Alibi" which rated three nights in New York and may play three years here!) has got another winner . . . called "The Dominant Sex" and Helen Chandler may do it on Broadway . . . Michael Egan wrote it . . . United Artists held an exhibition of original drawings from the "Mickey's" and "Silly Symphonies" . . . Mack Sennet, with the help of Al Rosen, has got that backing . . . will start production anytime now . . . recently tried to get authors here to write treatments on spec with the scribes NG-ing the idea (this cribbler among 'em!!) . . . scenarist Don Pedelty will meg his next story for Paramount-British . . . the wrestling is now getting a big play from the film mob . . . and especially London Films . . . Novello has a musical diversion at the Lane shortly . . . Bob Sherwood goes for London in a beeg way . . . can't say that Billy Wilkerson does, though! . . . the American invasion here is slackening . . . this week's fairy story: Once there was a Scenarist in London studios!!! . . . wouldn't it be swell if male characters in American pictures who liked each other didn't say "You big Baboon you!" . . . or wouldn't it? . . . Brie Terrett had a word or two with employers B. I. P. . . Johnny Monk Saunders wearing the old college tie now is back in the land where he was eddicated! Fay Wray Saunders, the lovely, is busy at Gaumonts, co-starring in a flick with Claude Rains . . . Denison Clift presents his particular friends with autographed copies of his latest novel . . . (that is, the good-looking ones!) . . .

Russel Medcraft (ex-Broadway playwright) scripting for Warner-British . . . Laura La Plante (now Mrs. Irving Asher) one of the best dressed gals in this burg . . . hush! Madeleine Carroll is dying to make another picture in Hollywood.

* * * *

Guildites In London

John Monk Saunders will stay over and do a spot of script work for British Gaumont (wifey, the orchidaceous Fay Wray is on her second picture for that organization).

Robert E. Sherwood (Bob to you) is back in town and has taken over Timmie Whelan's house in Regents Park, where he will spend the Spring. Whelan en route to Cal after two years here as a writer-director. Bob Sherwood will probably go to work for Alex Korda's London Films.

Courtney Bric Terrett is currently scripting for British International and is seen around the high-spots with Cyril Gardner.

Tom Geraghty signed to write an original for Irving Asher's Warner British company.

John Paddy Carstairs completes the screenplay of "A Mitey Man" for British and Dominions and hops the fence to Gaumont prior to a return to Hollywood.

Amity, Arkansas.

February 14, 1935

Hollywood Movie Stars Association,
 Hollywood, California.

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I have recently been informed by a traveling salesman that, according to my size and age, I might secure employment from you.

He told me to write to you, describing myself fully.

I am fifteen years old and weigh two hundred eighty-five. I am five feet, eleven inches, and have blue eyes and dull red hair, and wear a "number eleven" shoe. My complexion is light.

I am just a farm boy, in my Junior year in High school.

I enjoy farm life, but I believe that I had rather be a movie star.

The salesman to which I was talking was pretty sure that you would give me employment.

If you are interested in this matter, please send me full details on what kind of work is open.

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A Friend Resigns

OF THE various committees of the Code Authority of the Motion Picture Industry I feel none deserves greater praise than the Standing Committee for Extras together with the work of those two subcommittees better known as the Registration and Complaint and Grievance Committees.

Since the formation of the Standing Committee it has been my good pleasure to serve as Chairman, having been made permanent chairman of these committees at the first meeting of the Standing Committee. During the year which I have served in this capacity it has been a decided privilege to learn the story of the extra and the many problems and worries which surround his employment—worries for both the employer as well as the employee.

Recently I submitted my resignation as Chairman of the Standing Committee for Extras, Chairman of the Registration and of the Complaint and Grievance Committees.

I would like to express to the members of the Screen Actors Guild, both senior and junior members, my sincere appreciation of their kind cooperation with me during the time I have served as Chairman of these various committees. Assistance such as was given me by the Guild means more than I have words to express.

I intend to remain as a member of the Standing, Registration and Complaint and Grievance Committee unless the Code Authority wish otherwise, and I hereby assure all extras concerned that it will be my decided privilege and pleasure to give them the same consideration in the future that I have given in the past.

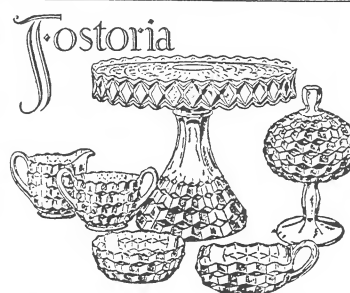
Mabel E. Kinney.

Its More Fun to Know

(Continued from Page 8)

have joined the Guild during the past month than in any similar period since its membership drive in 1933.

The analysis of the contract printed in this magazine showed the weakness of the contract. The increase in Guild membership shows that what was intended for a bombshell turned out to be a dud. With the exception of the actors on the Academy committee and Mr. Lionel Barrymore, no one was fooled.



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About Culture

(Continued from page 4)

are they going to play an encore? Isn't that sweet of them." There was a short pause. "Well, can you imagine that! I'm just wild about this! They played it for 'Way Down East'—when Dick Barthelmess and Lillian Gish were sitting near the brook. It was so pathetic. Don't you just adore Lillian Gish?"

"I don't believe I've had the pleasure of seeing her."

She paused to listen to the opening bars of another selection, but waved it aside impatiently.

"Never heard that one before . . . And little Ben Alexander! Every time he appeared on the screen they played, 'Peek-a-boo, I see you—.' Well, I'll show you how it goes afterwards. I can't think of a thing with that music going on."

Suddenly she exclaimed, "Why, I do so know that! It's the thing they played for 'Foolish Wives!' It was where Von Stroheim carried the American wife thru the storm. Gosh, I can just see it! Doesn't that remind you of rain?"

Mr. Vandergilt put in fiercely, "This is the 'Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2!'"

"It is? Well, it sure is one of my favorites—."

He coughed discreetly. "Listen, dear, isn't that a beautiful strain?"

But she would not be diverted. He sighed resignedly, gritting his teeth at the sacrilege of it.

"Oh, dear," she said, consulting the programme, "what's going to be next? 'The Four Indian Love Lyrics.' Doesn't sound promising, does it? Why—why—," as the music started, "I didn't know it was *that*! Why, that's the song they played for 'The Sheik!'"

"You don't say," Mr. Vandergilt gulped.

"Don't tell me you didn't see that!" cried the Flapper despairingly. "It isn't possible! This is the song he sang to Agnes Ayres on her balcony. You see, he captures her and takes her to his tent in the desert. Isn't that exciting?"

"Very," agreed Mr. Vandergilt.

When the concert was over he was afraid to look his fellow audience in the eye.

As they proceeded up the aisle and to the street the Flapper summed up, "Well! I never had an idea a concert was so lovely! I'm just crazy about it."

"I'm glad *you* enjoyed it."

She turned to him enthusiastically.

"Let's go to another one tonight!"

They were bearing down upon an enormous sign which read, "Rodolph Valentino in Blood and Sand."

A rueful smile lighted Mr. Vander-

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gilt's features as he suggested, "Why not go to a motion picture?"

So she learned about culture from The Old Masters!

Lowdown London

By PAUL PEREZ

THERE are in England a dozen-odd studios—some odder than others. All need American talent badly. Some will pay for it—badly. A glance at a studio payroll and you'll understand why England is known as "the tight little isle."

At one studio which shall be nameless—Gaumont British if you must know—junior writers pay for their jobs, serving as apprentices until they've mastered their craft. If you find it impossible to believe this, just take a look at their product.

With few exceptions the entire personnel in the industry is underpaid, from the five-dollar-a-week secretary up. I know of an American writer in England whose salary—in the lower brackets, from a Hollywood standpoint—was considerably higher than that paid to the head of the studio.

The few exceptions are American "names", for whom English studios will pay well—well out of proportion to their box-office value. Nor have they stinted in purchasing the latest and costliest technical equipment. British International has the last word in optical printers, that has never been used. Nobody knows how to operate it!

The chief fault with British pictures, from an American viewpoint, is their lack of tempo. The blame for this lies with English directors, mostly graduates from the stage, who insist on making protracted scenes of incidental bits of business and dialogue. They are, however, God's gift to the actors, most of whom are paid by the day; to the British directors "wipes" are anathema—each

player must be given an entrance and exit in every scene.

Despite their understandable resentment against the American invasion, the English prove grand co-workers and hospitable colleagues, eager to learn anything the Hollywood contingent can teach them. Their producers have assimilated even the childishness of their West Coast brethren, as witness the following incident:

While working at British International I happened into the office of the studio's big chief. He was almost in tears. "Read that", he gulped, indicating an article in the Daily Mail. The story was a eulogy of Micky Balcan, head of Gaumont, the rival studio.

"Well?" I asked, "What about it?"

"What about it?" he replied with quavering voice, "that article calls Balcan the 'Thalberg of British pictures'!"

Patting him kindly on the back I tried to console him:

"That's all right—you can be Darryl Zanuck!"

She Couldn't Wait

The assistant director from a large motion picture concern was interviewing the manager of a small livery stable.

"You see," he explained, "the scene is a dilapidated country village street. What we're after is an old draft horse—the older the better. We want her to look as if she were dying on her feet."

"I've got the very horse, sir," interrupted the manager, leading the way to the stalls. "This white one. No one knows how old she is. You can see for yourself she's tottering."

The horse raised her eyes slowly and surveyed the customer pathetically. The assistant director was enthusiastic.

"Great! She'll screen like a million years!" he prophesied. "We'll be ready for her tomorrow. Whatever you do, don't let her go!"

"No fear of that," said the manager, laying his hand on the horse's head affectionately. "I'm going to turn her out to grass next week."

A fortnight later the assistant director made his appearance at the stable.

The manager hurried toward him. "Ah, my dear sir, where have you been?"

"Production delays," explained the assistant casually. "We only got around to the horse today. Where is she? My old white nag?"

The manager looked crestfallen. "I'm mighty sorry," he apologized, "but, you see, she wasn't an actor. She couldn't wait. She's dead!"

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"HORSESHOE" HAWKINS

Dear Editor:

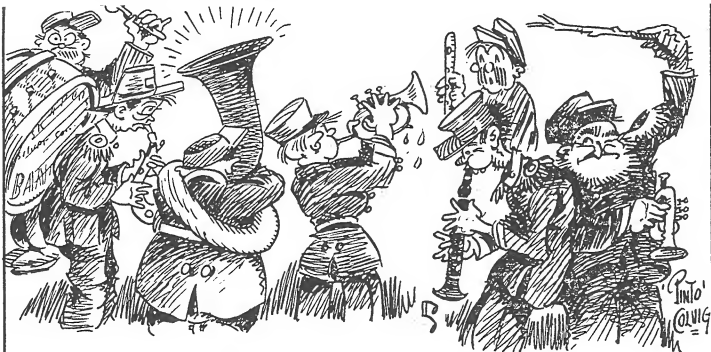
Th' Oddfeller's Lodge (H. S. Hawkins—chairman) give a entertainment last nite to raise funds fer a new organ what don't squeak. Missus Orson Dudd (nee Elsie Primm) thrumm'd "Sweet Alice B. Bolt" on her zither in right smart fashion, but Lionel Sweatmore (village blacksmith and local bass singer) fell turribly flat on his rendition of "Sleepin' in th' Deep". Outside o'



MRS. O. DUDD & O. SWEATMORE

NOT gittin' that last LOW note he done first rate.

Th' Skapoose Silver Cornet Band (H. S. Hawkins—leader) almost got a job last week playin' fer a Uncle Tom's Cabin show what canceled its perform-



SKAPOOSE SILVER CORNET BAND

ance th' last minute. Seems as tho one of their blood hounds licked all th' paint off th' ice an' died o' blood poisonin'. P. S. Our band's gittin' so it kin play them there "Sweet Bunch o' Daisies" so yuh kin almost recognize it.

Ollie Tewksbury (Local poet and Hawg Raiser) had a bust-up last Tuesday with his gal who works over at th' Skapoose Cafe with th' shiney stockin's. Just before leaven' town, Ollie sends in this pome to th' Skapoose Gazette. (H. S. Hawkins—editor).

LOVE—by O. Tewksbury.

LOVE, like ague, heats an' chills—
Brings woe to mankind—many ills.
Slaughters friendship, purse an' pride
Farewell, Skapoose! Curse not my hide

Th' 17th Annual Taffy Pull went along fine last nite until Leslie Lopperson got turribly squelched by Lizzie Abercromby when he insinuated that Missus Mort Stephens wuz th' "slickest dressed philly in town." Old Liz stiffins up indignant an'

sez: "Young man—I'll give yuh to understand that I, Miss Elizabeth Abercromby owns th' SWISHIEST silk petticoat in three counties!" (Maybe yuh think Les didn't turn red.)

Old "Skunk-face" Peters (Squawman from Skagg's Flats) allows as how city wimmin are always hintin' fer a new satin shimmy or a broadcloth cloak, but th' lucky part about bein' a squaw-

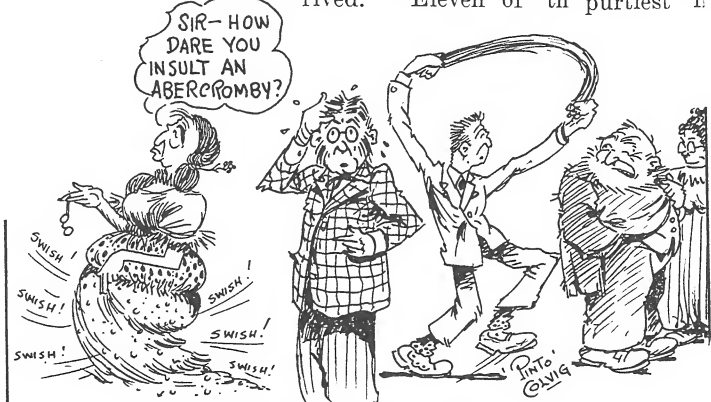
man, sez Skunk-face, is when yer old woman begins yelpin' fer a new buckskin frock she's gotta wait 'til th' deer season opens.

Old Doc Snorptuttle (local pulse taker) went this Doctor Dafoe of Quin-



"SKUNKFACE" PETERS & SQUAW

tuplet Fame six-to-th' good nite before last. Seems as tho Hen Horsley's old razor-back sow wuz sufferin' labor pains somethin' turrible until Snorptuttle arrived. "Eleven of th' purtiest li-



17th ANNUAL TAFFY PULL

shoats yuh ever wanta see" sez th' doc this morning, thrown' out his chest.



CITIZENS DISCUSSING MRS. PRATT'S COW

—and while on th' subject of "Comin' events fore-castin' their shadows"—I might add that Missus Hank Pratt's old brindle heifer looks as tho she's pregnant again. It's either that or alfalfa-bloat.

Yours fer news,

"Horse Shoe" Hawkins



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Art Directing

(Continued from page 5)

galleries happened to pass my efforts as they were making their way to another room.

"They stopped, studied them, and bought one. In time they bought others for the Luxembourg. But even so my studio became clogged with canvases. The more the judges like my work, the less the public liked it.

"So, I conceded the election. Painting as far as I was concerned was a dead art. And I turned to motion pictures, and found the best medium offered to an artist.

"The only difference between composing for painting and composing for motion pictures is that in motion pictures there are hundreds of images to hold in composition continuously while in painting there is only one.

"Perfect distribution of values and balances of form tends to bring out the utmost dramatic value of a motion picture scene. If the balances are faulty, the eye is detracted from the action to another part of the picture and thus detracts from the scene.

"A study of the old masters shows that all the lines, forms and values are in perfect balance and are so placed as to accentuate the theme. Any form or value that detracts from the action is wrong. A white or black spot misplaced will tend to detract the attention from the action.

"Making a composition too pretty is also an error as the picture then occupies the mind to the detriment of the action.

"One of the greatest difficulties of the motion picture is to keep the moving forms at all times in perfect balance. It should be possible to stop the films at any frame and find that that particular frame is in perfect balance of form and tone values. The movement of the people must also be kept in perfect rhythm.

"It is my contention that a man can not compose thousands of pictures until he can compose one."

We have had many inquiries from Producers of little Theatre groups, and other play groups for original plays for forthcoming productions. Any members who have plays they wish read or tried out, should communicate with the secretary at the Guild office, GLadstone 4181.

the HANGOVER

Larry and Elgie

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Heavies, Hams & Hacks

(Continued from Page 6)

tonishing advance in movie thought; a milestone in the growth of the Cinema Child. Here, at last a producer had dared to permit his leading lady to engage in married indiscretions as part of a motion picture story. The legitimate theatre had done the same at least a couple of decades before.

The gangster cycle marked another innovation. And at last, in the House of Rothchild, the industry caught up with a problem which dated back to the Romans and to Christ.

The most obvious lesson to be learned even from such timorous temerity has been ignored. No studio will believe that it was the very freshness of even such wind-blown ideas in the arid barrenness of movies, which may have explained their successes.

It is a curious and none too complimentary commentary on picture production that, in recent years—while the world has watched the blood purge of Hitler; millions die of starvation in Russia; the rise of Huey Long; the brutal head-in clash of Capital and Labor; the degenerating despair of men without jobs—at the top of the list of meritorious pictures must stand "The Love Parade", "It Happened One Night" and "The Thin Man".

Enormous talent was expended upon and expressed in these three pictures. It would seem they might well have said something more closely related to modern human existence, more dramatic, even more interesting than the adventures of a Graustarkian Queen and her mate, the pleasantries of lovers, or the solution of Who Killed Cock Robin.

True, all were delightful evenings in the theatre. All were beautifully executed. All were, presumably, financially successful. Their success is answer enough for producers. It would never occur to them, or if it did, they would do their utmost to banish the thought, that equal or even greater success might have been achieved with the same expenditure of talent upon material of greater quality.

"Entertainment" is the producers' term for the ultimate purpose of the movies. There is nothing wrong with the word. But under its banner parades everything from paranoia to mental paralysis. And from the marching line is excluded nearly all human dramatic material of sufficient life and truth to stir the mind, to make the blood run or to stimulate the worker in pictures to respect his job as more than a racket.

Certainly, as long as many of the present theories of movie making survive, so long will we who write pic-

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tures remain hacks; those who act in them, hams; those who produce them, heavies.

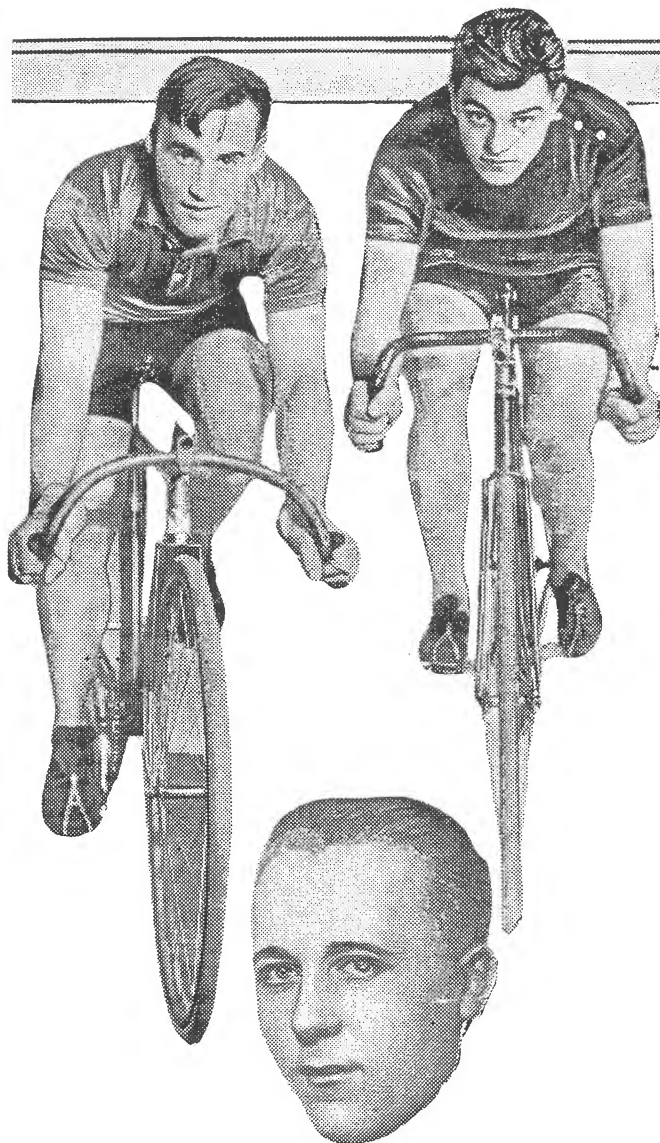
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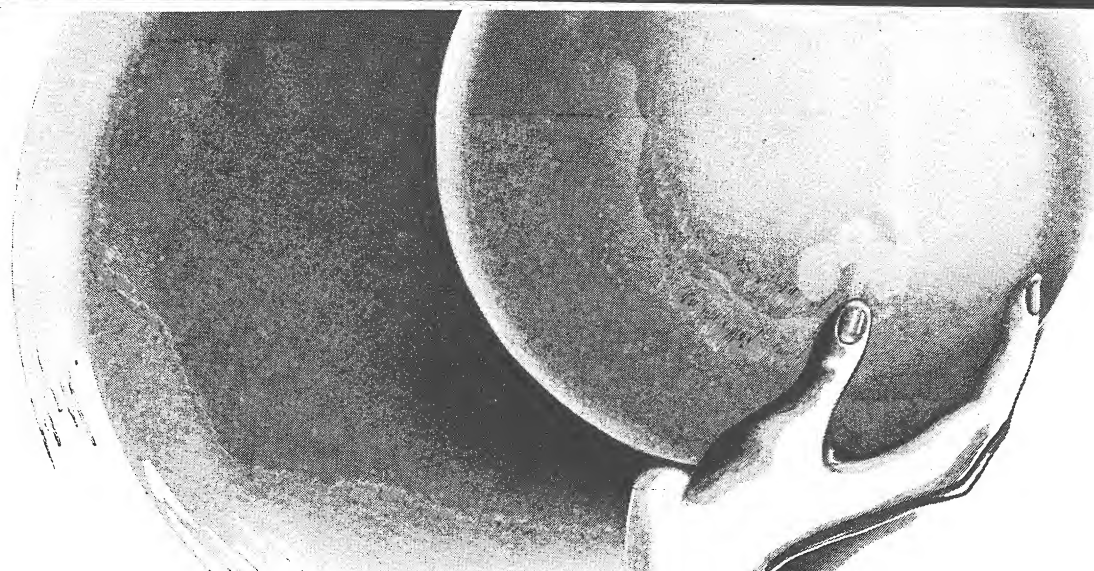
Spencer's great record as competitor and promoter guarantees that for the first time Los Angeles will see major league bike racing.

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